

THE MAIL

Editor —

I am a dorm student. Since the storm, the lights that are supposed to light the road have been out. I am getting sick and tired of trying to feel my way up the road at night when I come back from town. I realize that the storm did a lot of damage and that the school property was damaged also. The school should leave the other things go and get a little light on the subject.

Disgusted

Editor —

If two things happen together that seem strange, one usually terms it a coincidence. Could it be coincidental that the water in the main building was turned off at the time the coke dispenser was put in the cafeteria? Coke is at times very pleasing to the taste, but one is told that one should drink at least seven glasses of water a day. Maybe coke will someday become the universal solvent, who knows? I've been thinking about this, but I still can't visualize taking a bath in coke or taking an aspirin with coke. So, until this new change takes place, let's have the water turned on again, please !!!

Thirsty

Editor —

Have you seen the condition of the snack bar at the end of the lunch periods? It's disgusting. On every table there are dirty cups and saucers, plates with bits of sandwiches left on them, soiled napkins, empty bags, and papers from the lunches lying around. Cigarettes and ashes are everywhere except in the numerous ash trays sitting on every table.

Why does such a condition have to exist? Is it that much marder to walk that extra eight inches to an ash tray? Are we so tired from our studies the night before that we don't have enough energy to carry that cup and saucer across the room and put it in the container? I hardly think so.

Any person who walks into the snack bar and is greeted by such a sight walks away with the opinion that we are a group of ill-mannered and ignorant people instead of seemingly intelligent students. It's time this situation is remedied. There are enough signs to remind us what we are to do, and if each one of us casually mentions the fact when our fellow students forget to clear their dishes then the Snack Bar will be kept clean. Let's really try to make next week, and every week "Clean Snack Bar Week."

John Zamba

Editor —

The student body should know by now that our spirited team beat Pottsville, but do all of them know about the spirit of the students that attended? The two bus loads of students, which came to about 75, out-cheered the Pottsville cheering section which was much larger. The only thing that was lacking was—cheerleaders. Our students have the spirit but they need leaders. If we have enough students to go to the Keystone game, the Student Council would probably provide the transportation. Why can't we have cheerleaders for the next game?

A Rooter

Dear Editor —

I would be deeply grateful to the Collegian or anyone who might have the answers to a few questions that have confronted me due to the inconsistent and seemingly clandestine actions taken by the Safety Committee with respect to parking conditions. It seems that on perfect days, in respect to weather, there are several cases of waiting for buses or hitch-hiking.

Miss Erlemann Serves at German Club Party



IDYLLS OF OSCAR

BY HENRY F. PAULICK

I have decided to put off my Christmas shopping until a more opportune moment. I have had my fill of Christmas shoppers, and I am going to hibernate until it is safe for a young, growing boy like me to enter a department store, without fear of bodily harm. It all started the other day when I was riding the elevator up to the men's floor in one of our local stores. The elevator was a bit crowded, particularly by a large lady with an enormous horse-like dog. Right off the bat, this mutt became attached to me, jumped on top of me, ran his bare paws through my hair, and licked my ears with his sandpaper tongue. I didn't like this bit of emotion; so to discourage any further bursts of affection, I pinched the hound's nose and told him to beat it. Thinking I wanted to play, Fido jumped up and down, let out a few blood-curdling barks, and really gave me a working over. The large lady started to bend my ear about picking on her poor little mutt. The elevator operator joined the lady in her vituperation and threatened to put me off the elevator. With the odds three to one against me, I took the coward's way out and got off at the next stop, which was the women's floor.

As soon as I got out of the elevator and tried to straighten out, five saleswomen surrounded me and started to chant out the usual sales spiel. Before I could explain that I was looking for the men's floor, these eager-beaver saleswomen were yanking various feminine apparel from the counters for my inspection. One of them wanted me to stretch the girdle she was holding, and compare it with any other girdle at that price. While I blushed, she explained the extra features and benefits derived from scientific study of the female anatomy. Finally I raised my voice and uttered some words that commanded attention. This worked, and while they were momentarily stunned, I dashed for the stairway, with the entire personnel of that floor at my heels.

I dashed up the steps and puffed into the toy department. Here I was again attacked by the sales force, and we went on a tour of the toy department. The guides had me putting round pegs into square holes, riding kitty-cars, and playing with toys that were beyond my comprehension. In order to escape, I pretended that I was drunk.

After being liberated, I managed to find the men's department. Here I was greeted warmly by a neatly dressed gentleman with a thin mustache and a perfume-counter aroma. This gent offered me various suggestions on what to purchase for my friends, so I gave him a suggestion that made him raise an eyebrow. Before I was evicted, I managed to buy a pair of spats. As I said I'm waiting now for a more opportune moment to go out and buy a pair of shoes to go under them.

illegal parking at the top of the hill without a sign of a parking ticket, while on a very stormy day there were tickets on two cars parked half way down the hill in a spot not obstructing in any way, the traffic going up or down the hill. Then too, it seems there was a promise of building a shelter at the highway entrance to the school for the purpose of those This, I believe, was to be financed

through the money obtained through fines collected last school year. When I leave the school in the evening and see students standing in the wind and rain, I begin to wonder whether the interests of the students are at heart. Possibly it would help matters to have the student body represented on the committee. How about a little action?

An Interested Student

Hastings Hitting It

The dance which the German Club held on December 1, almost turned out to be an "all boy social." But, thanks to the girls Mr. Rudman brought, it was a dance after all. Why can't we have more success with our dances and other social events? Because we can't get the females out here—that's why. The only way one can get a girl out here is by either owning a car or taking a taxi. The taxi fare to Highacres is two dollars one way. I don't think that very man of us have that kind of money.

Consider the plight of the dorm boys. When they go into gym twice a week they have to, as soon as gym is over, start "thumbing it" back and hope they get a ride in time to eat. Now this practice wasn't so bad at the beginning of the semester when it wasn't as cold as it is now. But now it is getting to be pretty rugged to stand cold and shivering out on the road with the cars whizzing past them splashing the cold wet snow in their half-frozen faces.

We want a show of school spirit here, but how can the dorm boys go to the basketball games to cheer the team on to victory when they have to go through so much to get to the games. A lot of the dorm boys would like to play intramural basketball in the evenings but they have no way to get to the gym.

If they don't particularly like the meal that is being served on a certain evening they have to walk to the bottom of the hill and stand with their thumbs out until some driver comes along who understands their plight and takes pity on them. Then when they have eaten they have to assume position on the road again, but this trip back involves a longer interval of waiting and freezing.

When they want to go into town to see a show or go to a dance, they have to go through the same thing; but trying to get back at night is when it is really rough. If you don't believe me try it sometime. After you have been standing there for two hours with the cars flying by, you begin to get a little discouraged with living at Highacres and with school in general. About this time you begin to think seriously about walking. Believe me, there have been instances in the past when boys walked all the way out to the school.

I know that you will agree with me when I say that we need some sort of transportation between Hazleton and Highacres, whether it be bus, car, or dog sled. This just can't go on. Either we are going to have to stop going to town all together and "hole up" on week-ends, or the school is going to have to supply some means of transportation, because, no matter how rugged, or how used to the cold a person is, there is a limit.

Giuliani vs. Ice

On November 28th at 2 P.M., a loud crash was heard on the Milenesville road, so the Collegian dispatched a reporter to see what was cooking. Of course our reporter got lost in one of the bars over there, and we have never really found out what happened, but various rumors have reached us concerning this crash. One of the rumors tells of a still blowing up that was the property of one of our own engineering students, but this has not been verified. Another rumor has some mention of an atom bomb being dropped in that vicinity, while still another rumor has it that an automobile accident took place. The Collegian solicited the aid of "fender-bender" Giuliani to ascertain the true story, and Giuliani told us that the right fender of his car was attacked by a truck on that day. Now we know the road was very icy that day, but rumors also have it that Giuliani was stung by the bow of cupid lately. Could this be the reason for "Fender-bender" Giuliani's predicament? After all, if winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

GERMAN CLUB PARTY

A dance was held by the German Club on Friday December 1, at Highacres. Music was furnished through the courtesy of Nick Kramer. William Reinsmith was in charge of the refreshments which consisted of sandwiches, potato chips and coffee. Tel Gilroy was in charge of publicity for the dance.

DRAMATICS CLUB

The second meeting of the Dramatics Club was held on Tuesday 5. Plans for the play, "Another Language," which is to be presented at the West Hazleton High School on January 11, 12. The club decided to sponsor some sort of activity to raise funds for the "Gym Drive." A committee consisting of Robert Cszima, Joseph Hastings, and Lee Kromis

In the opening exhibition game of the season the HUC alumni team, led by Jack Sippel and Leon Lefkowitz, defeated the HUC varsity team by a convincing score of 73 to 61.

Hazleton Victorious Over Pottsville

In spite of the temporary loss of their ace courtman, Zack Taylor, the Rudmanites came through at Pottsville by beating their arch rival to the tune of 56-53. The game got off to a fast start with Hazleton drawing first blood. The HUC'sters exchanged the lead with the Schuylkillers several times, but at the end of the first period the score read Hazleton 13—Pottsville 8. Pottsville then took the lead and after exchanging it several times with Hazleton they led at the end of the second and third periods. But in the last period with the support and the cheers of the rooters, and with Emil Hutnyan leading the HUC'sters to charge, H.U.C. dominated the game until the end when the score read Hazleton 56 — Pottsville 53.

On Friday Jan. 5, Altoona Penn State Center, leading contender from the Western part of the state will bring their outstanding record to the Anthracite region to compete against our own HUC'sters. This promises to be one of the best games of the season.

On Wednesday January 10, Hershey Junior College will send their "chocolate bars" to compete against HUC. They have the same team this year as that which defeated us last year. This promises to be another exciting game.

All students who are interested in joining an intra-mural bowling league contact Mr. Rudman before the Christmas vacation.

were appointed to start plans for the affair.